
Title: In search of Brigit

Author: Her Devoted One

The towns people gave
what little information
they had about her, but
most of it was just
rumors. No hard facts to
go on, except what old
man had told me. After
gathering all the
information. I decided
to go back and find her.
Back to the place where
we had met. Maybe there
I would be able to find
some kind of sign she
may have left. I wandered
for days in those woods
and finally found the site
of my demise. Oh the
cold chill that ran
through my soul, as I
looked upon this place.
Flashes of the battle
raced through my head. I
was frozen in fear for
the longest time as it all
played out over and over
in my mind. I was finally
able to push back this
fear that paralyzed me,
to continue my search
for her.

On that fateful day, she
had walked up this road,
so maybe she lived near.
I also remember the
dense jungle around her
tower. Some of the
towns people spoke of a
jungle to the south of
town. So maybe that is
where she lives. I turned
all sights to the south,
nothing could stop me
now. I had to climb over
an evil looking mountain.
Its jagged rocks and
sharp drops into the
nothingness below would

not detour me from this quest. As I reached the last peak of the grand pile of boulders, I could see the jungle the towns people must have been speaking of. "This must be it, it had to be it" I kept telling myself. I finally made it down the other side with only a few cuts and bruises to show for it. I entered the dense forest thinking the quest was about over, but I was wrong. Upon my entre, I was attacked by a large serpents with fangs dripping with venom, just waiting to sink them into my flesh. I drew my Quarter Staff and began bashing these serpents from hell. It seemed the more I killed, the more that appeared to take its place. I fought for what seemed like hours. Finally, I look up to see there was but only one more. He acted different from the rest. smart, a leader, if these cold blooded creatures could have a leader. He danced around my blows, countering with his tail. I was exhausted, my energy gone, but the battle raged on. Only one of us would leave this spot alive. This time it would be me. I had a quest to fullfill. Nothing would stop me. I reached down, deep inside to find the strength I needed to continue this battle. Thoughts of her raced in my head, and the strength came. It was more than this poor serpent could counter. Each blow of my staff was wearing him down quickly now. His stamina almostly gone. I raised

my Staff to give the
final blow... He fell dead
at my feet. It felt good
to be in battle again and
to win this time. I looted
some gold and reluctantly
carved a few steaks
from thier corpse. I
started walking around to
see if there was a road.
No road, No trail, No
sign of human life. Maybe
this was not the right
area. Night began to fall
upon me quick, so I
desided to make camp.
I gathered kindlin and a
few pieces of wood.
starting a small fire, I
looked in my pack and
found the steaks I had
taken from the many
serpant bodies, and began
to cook them. The smell
of this horrible meat made
such a stinch, but my
hunger was stronger than
the smell. I ate them
down fast, before the
smell over took my
apitite. I retrieved my
bedroll to place close to
the fire. Hopefully the
fire would detour any
predators in my area. My
body ached from my days
adventure,,,a good ache. I
crawled into the bedroll
and quickly fell asleep.
With the sun a quarter
high in the sky, I was
awakened by the breathe
of a large horse looking
down on me. *still has
nightmares* I looked up
to see who the rider was
upon this mount. But with
the sun at thier back, I
could only see a dark
figure astride him.
Forgeting my pains, I
jumped to my feet in a
defensive stance, to get
a better look. It was
her!! my heart almost
lept out of my chest. I
droped the staff at
my feet. She had found

me. What an explorer I had been. She got off her horse, and walked towards what was left of my fire. I offered her some of the meat from last night, but she quickly declined. She asked if she could sit with me for awhile. I just nodded a yes to her.

She sat down and began to talk with me. She told me stories of some of the great battles she had been in, and some of the not so great ones. Every now and then I would manage to laugh at her wit. but for the most part I just listened to her talk. I loved the way she told the stories. Her voice reached through to my soul. The way she got so excited, with her hands gesturing in the air, reenacting the whole event, like she was back there doing it all over again. The way her eyes would sparkle as she spoke about her adventures in this land. I could listen to her voice forever. I started to feel more at ease with her presents. My nerve growing strong, to ask all the many questions that filled my head. So much I wanted to know about her and no idea how to ask. I couldnt come right out and ask someone like her. I would say the wrong things or say it the wrong way and she could get offended by me. Maybe she could sense my nervousness. All of a sudden she fell quiet, she stared off into the distance, as if hearing a voice that I could not. Then, as quickly as she arrived, she left the same way. she just said

"I must leave you, be on my way. I have many things to do, many people counting on me. I will see you later, Ok?" She mounted her trusty steed, muttered words to the heavens and vanished from my sight. Would I ever see her again? tell her all the things I have been saving up for her? my heart sank at her absence. "her house, I must find her house" my heart told me. So the quest was still on and with a stronger drive than ever before. I searched all around surely there was something here I wasn't seeing.

...Faint... a hoof print on the forest floor. I started to back track these prints. I came to the edge of a small stream. There were many of them here, she must ride through here a lot. She must live close. I could feel it deep in my heart, her tower was close. but where? I began to run, following these signs..hoping to find her tower a little sooner. The sounds of birds began to fill the air. Maybe they were there before, and I was so obsessed with my quest I just didn't hear them. I began to question this self made quest to find her. What was my true reason for finding her?. Was it to thank her or was it something else. Something I hadn't planned on finding. Something I had never dared to dream of. Was I in love with her? How could I let this happen. A woman like her would never give a second look to someone like me. How would I tell a goddess

how I felt, if I didnt
know myself. what could I
say to her to find her
feelings for me. My heart
was heavy with all these
new thoughts fightin with
the old ones. There was
only one way to find out
any of these answers. I
must find her. I began
my search again, now with
more to consider. I
followed the stream until
the tracks turned away
from the stream, to the
west. Into the jungle
they lead. Just a few
steps in and there it
was, all nestled in the
trees as I had
remembered. I hoped that
she was home...I had so
much to talk about with
her. So much I needed to
know and understand
about her. I raised my
staff and taped on the
door....it echoed inside the
house.

Everyone thinks that the
God or Gods, which ever
you believe, sit around,
looking down apon us in a
all to serious manner.
But I believe that they
have such a sense of
humor as well, it is
beyond our perception to
understand it.
maybe, you would agree.